

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 416

Rosalie felt strangely reassured when she saw that he did step in to stop Mason in the end. As a result, she calmed down considerably.

She remembered the cold and distant look he had before, as well as the anger blatant in his face now.

All Rosalie felt was a deep sense of irony.

Perhaps he thought that he could dictate what happened to her at any given time.

She was nothing more than a toy to him.

She pursed her lips self-deprecatingly at the thought. Ignoring the chaos before her, she turned to leave.

However, a hand grabbed her wrist forcefully as soon as she turned around.

She did not need to look back to know who it was.

Rosalie turned around to look at her captive wrist and said coolly, "If you've had your fun, President Lawrence, please let go of me."

Everyone's expressions shifted at that.

They had heard of Byron before, but they had only seen his face occasionally on the TV.

No wonder they thought he looked familiar when he first showed up earlier.

Still, they could not believe that he was the legendary Byron Lawrence in the flesh!

They had laid hands on his woman!

The thought sent them into a panic.

Mason's wrist was still in Byron's grasp. He could feel the terrifying pressure emanating from Byron at close quarters, and by now he was drenched in a cold sweat.

If he had known she was Byron's, he would never have dared to touch her!

"P-President Lawrence, t-this is all a misunderstanding..." Mason stammered, trying to explain.

Byron did not even spare him a glance, however. His gaze was silently trained on Rosalie.

Was she trying to run away from him to go to Martin again?

Rosalie sensed that he had no intention of letting her go, so she frowned and struggled against his grip before turning around to say mockingly, "Haven't you seen enough, President Lawrence? what else do you want to watch me perform?"

She glanced at Mason, who was still being held captive, with a look of disgust.

In other words, she was implying that she could play along with Mason if Byron wanted to watch them.

Mason felt his blood run cold when he met her gaze. He hastily said, "It's just a misunderstanding, Miss Jacobs! I only wanted to get to know you better, that's all! I would never dare do anything more, since you're President Lawrence's woman..."

Rosalie nodded with a shrug. "True, Young Master Jones only wanted to get to know me for one night. If you want to watch US, President Lawrence, I'll have no choice but to play along."

As soon as she said that, the air seemed to freeze around them.

Byron's eyes narrowed dangerously, and he glared at the other man.

Mason could sense the flash of killing intent in the air. He began to shake like a leaf.

"Are you from the Jones family in s City?" Byron asked coldly after a moment.

Mason instinctively nodded at first, but he quickly shook his head when he realized why Byron was asking.

Byron narrowed his eyes and let go of Mason's arm, his gaze ice-cold. "You may go now."

Mason knew that his family might soon suffer the consequences, so he tried to explain in a terrified panic, "President Lawrence, I swear I didn't mean to do it! I didn't know she was yours. You saw, I hadn't done anything to her yet..."

The more he tried to explain, the angrier Byron became. His gaze was horrifyingly cold.

When Mason met his gaze, his voice died in his throat. He clenched his teeth and shut his mouth, standing still for a few seconds before he reluctantly led his friends away.

After today, the Joneses were probably doomed...